

IN MEMORIAM



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Goodell, C. L.

In memoriam, Mrs. Eleanor

Bruce Stephens : loc



NOTE—TO FRIENDS.



It is due not less to myself than to both the esteemed Author and Publishers (whose prompt attention and skill I would here gratefully acknowledge,) to explain that the long delay in issuing this memorial volume is wholly owing to repeated accidents and failures in efforts to obtain pictures that would be truly *a likeness* of the Subject and acceptable to the Friends; but whilst the result, as to engraving, is not all that was expected, yet it is hoped so much change for the better has been made as to seem compensation for all this tedious waiting, which to myself, more than to others, has been a source of deep disappointment and regret.

H. C. STEPHENS.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., Dec., 1870.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Eleanor Bruce Stephens,

WIFE OF

HENRY C. STEPHENS.

BY HER PASTOR,

REV. C. L. GOODELL.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his
Saints. Ps. cxvi. 15.

HARTFORD:

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1871.



THIS Memorial, written by an esteemed friend and pastor as a tribute of affectionate sympathy in days of darkness and sorrow, is printed with loving care for the eye of friends, and dedicated to the dear one whose memory is a joy to the heart, whom her presence can cheer no more till the great sun-rising.

H. C. S.

NEW BRITAIN, October, 1869.



Eleanor B. Stephens—



I CORINTHIANS, XV : 42, 43, 44.

“So also is the resurrection of the dead, it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.”

THE resurrection of the dead was a very precious doctrine to the apostles and early Christians. It was an important and formative article in their creeds; and so long as the blood of Christ was warm in the veins of his followers, it was a vital power in their hearts. When friends died “they comforted one another with these words.” When they thought of the “cold and narrow house” to which they

themselves were hastening, they were sustained by an unfaltering trust in Him “who is the resurrection and the life.” In the midst of the fiercest persecutions, they found in the doctrine an unspeakable solace and support. “The glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs,” all lived and died in this blessed hope. We speak of Jesus as the crucified Son; they, while they were not less mindful of His death, rejoiced yet more in the power of His endless life. To them Christ was the risen one. We incline to look more on His life and death; they on His resurrection and glorious reappearing. To them, Christ was not only crucified for their sins, but risen and regnant, “the first fruits” of all that fall asleep in Him. Out of that period of His life which lies the other side of Calvary, they, as transgressors, found peace

and pardon; out of that which lies on this side, they as Christians found sanctification and the hope of resurrection to eternal life. And in every age, as the Christian has seen his treasures snatched away by the hand of death, and the body resolved back to earth, he has been calm and trustful. He has looked for the time when the Lord Jesus should "change his vile body, that it might be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." Like music in the night, these promises of Revelation fall upon the ear of sorrow and bereavement in the midst of funereal blackness.

The words of St. Paul, we have chosen, do not lead us to discuss the general theme of the resurrection, but they throw much light which is suggestive and comforting, upon the mysterious subject of the resurrection body, the glorified

body. The apostle, in our text, runs a parallel between the natural body as it goes down to the grave, and the spiritual body as it comes up from the grave, and in doing this, he employs four contrasts. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Notice how the word "sown" is used here, instead of "buried." In the apostle's mind, death is not a scythe, which cuts down its victims and destroys them, but rather a sower, who goes forth to sow. And the loved ones who have died in Jesus, like seed cherished in the bosom of the earth, will come forth in newness of life. They moulder into dust, it is true, but everywhere in nature, the process of decay is but another name for that of growth. Life and death are different sides of

the same truth. Germination is a double work. The beginning of death in the seed is one with the beginning of life in the stalk. The first indication of the fresh shoot is in the breaking up of the seed. The extinction of the old is the creation of the new. So in the resurrection, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Death becomes the minister of life. The grave of the mortal is the cradle of the immortal.

I. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. This contrast, although the last of the four, as written by the apostle, is really the first to be considered in logical sequence, for it constitutes the basis of the resurrection body. As it stands, however, in its English dress, it fails in two important particulars to convey the full force and beauty of the apostle's language. It is sown a natural body;

this is plain. It is raised a spiritual body: this is to us a contradiction of terms. How can there be a spiritual body?

A body is material, spirit is immaterial. To conceive of them both as one is impossible.

Again, the phrase "spiritual body" improperly sends the mind off in a fruitless attempt to spiritualize the material, or to materialize the spiritual, so as to form a shadowy ethereal, something midway between the earthly and the heavenly, which shall answer to a spiritual body. This, as we shall see, is not the meaning at all. The conception of a "spiritual body" as "composed of such stuff as dreams are made of" has no warrant in the text.

The thought is this. The ancients regarded man as combining in himself three natures: first, the body; second, the soul, which was the animal life of the body, which man has

in common with the brute; and third, the spirit, which was the immortal part, capable of thought and moral sentiment and action, and which the brute does not possess. This distinction is essential in order to an understanding of the apostle. The brute, according to the ancients, had only two parts, body and soul, or in other words, material substance and animal life. But to man the third was added, the rational, imperishable spirit, or what we call the immortal soul, constituting man an intelligent, accountable, religious being. In this way the words are used in the New Testament. The clause before us would be literally rendered thus: It was sown a soul-body, it was raised a spirit-body. That is, it had an organization in this life, which by means of its animal functions, was adapted to this physical world. It shall have in the life to come an organization with functions which will be

adapted to the spiritual world. Here, the spirit is incarnated in a body which fits it for the economy of the earthly; there, it shall have an organization suited to the economy of the heavenly. As the spirit is enabled now to act through physical organs, and is in all things adapted to live in and act on the material in the sphere in which it moves, so in the world of spirits will it be provided with other organs equally suited to its altered condition and enabled to act out of itself upon things spiritual with wonderfully increased naturalness and facility. The fish is fitted for the water, and the bird for the air. Their organs put them in perfect relations to water and air. So by means of what Paul calls the natural body, the immortal spirit is now fitted to the conditions of this earthly life. The material body is the medium of the soul's contact with the world of sense. But when

called upon to enter into the unseen, it shall have a spiritual body, with adaptations to a spirit world. It will not be a material body in any sense that we can conceive of, for flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven. It will, however, be a body with adaptations to a world that is immaterial, a body through which the spirit will come into communication with the heavenly, as it does now with the earthly.

And the way in which God has enabled the subtle rational spirit of man to act through physical organs, and operate upon material things to supply its wants, and accomplish its ends, furnishes the evidence that in that higher state, when the spirit comes to be surrounded by the spiritual, there will be an adaptation and harmony, and fine play of faculty beyond all that has entered into the heart of man to conceive. What lapidary can catch the

sparkle of the jewel? What painter can fasten the sunbeam upon his canvas? Yet God has caused the spirit to enter into and vitalize a body which is formed from the dust of the earth. He has so wedded the one to the other that every thought flashes in the eye, every feeling gives its hue to the cheek, every emotion is registered in the pulse, which is the soul's thermometer. Nature is as plastic under the touch of the spirit, as clay in the hands of the potter. The soul acts on and through the body like a master musician upon his instrument. It sits enthroned within like a monarch. The hand is its prime minister; the foot is its messenger; the eye its window, by which the visible is revealed to the invisible; the ear looks out upon the landscape of sound, as the eye upon that of color and form; and taste is the sense of smell, turned inward, that that which is found to be pleasant may

be known to be good: so wonderfully is the spiritual put in harmony with the earthly: so skillfully is the sunbeam braided with the cloud. Reasoning from this, what will be the perfections of that condition in the resurrection life, where the spirit will play into the spiritual, as it does now into the material? What will be the delicacy and beauty and compass of that organism, the glorified body, by which the soul of the redeemed shall act from out itself, without earthly clog or hindrance in the atmosphere of **H**eaven, by the river of life, in the sinless, sorrowless, deathless realm of which **C**hrist is the center and circumference? There is a natural body; there is, says St. Paul,—**O** comforting thought!—a spiritual body.

II. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power.

This is the second contrast. **H**aving con-

ceived of a resurrection body, adapted to a spirit world, the element of strength must be added. But how can an intangible spirit, a something as light and viewless as air, possess strength? The answer is at hand. God is a spirit, and still He is all-powerful. The universe is upborne by Him, from everlasting to everlasting, without any sense of burden or fatigue. The orbs glide along their burning circuits with the same exuberance that the lark rises towards the morning sky, that words are born and borne on the breath of music. The human spirit, though finite, is like the omnipotent in kind, and herein is the hiding of man's power. The strength in man which we are accustomed to attribute to the body, really inheres in the soul. The power of a man does not depend primarily upon matter, but upon spirit; the body is simply dead weight. It is always a clog to the spirit, clip-

ping its airiest pinion, and through weakness and infirmity, often overcoming it. Take the subtle essence of life from the arm, and it falls like lead. It is the invisible spirit within which puts the body in motion, and by it, as with a lever, lifts what it pleases. The strength of the human soul is great in this life; when man is in vigor and health, his spirit is able to bear his heavy form as easily and lithely as the wind lifts and sports with a feather. But after all, the prevailing condition in this life is one of weakness and infirmity. All along, the soul outruns the body; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. The fires of desire flash up and consume or impair the furnace in which they are kindled. We long to do, and are held in check. Our powers become prostrate. The vital functions, by degrees, give way. The frail body goes down to decay. By a single stroke of the pen, the apostle has

drawn a vivid picture of the last end of man. "It is sown in weakness." How the light of life in natural death, even in the strongest, burns faintly and more faintly through wearisome days and nights, and then expires.

But,—“it is raised in power.” As the eagle cuts the air, so shall the glorified man rejoice in exuberance of strength. He shall run and not be weary, he shall walk and not faint. All sense of weariness and fatigue shall be forever passed away. No exhausting duty, no dragging the jaded spirits and worn body, after restless nights, to toils for which there is no zest. There will be the flush of masterly and unabating strength. Life shall be given more abundantly, deeper in volume, wider in the sweep of its activity, divine in its depth and richness. Hear this, O suffering ones, and take heart! Hear this, O mourning ones, who have parted at the grave with those once fair

and beautiful and strong,—going down weary and heavy laden, hear this, and with patience wait! Consider this, O laboring ones, and work on! The body, though sown in weakness, is raised in power. We may spend hours of mortal fatigue; we may see vigor and bloom fading from hearth and home; but the great day of untiring, of ever-abounding strength, is at hand.

III. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. The body goes down to the grave, as an old dwelling, left to itself, goes to decay. The clapboards become weather-stained and loose. The shutters flap in the wind. The windows are broken; the paths moss-grown. The plastering falls from the ceiling; dust and cobwebs gather everywhere. A damp, dark atmosphere, fills the room; everything is mouldering to ruin.

So with the human body, as years or disease come on. In the pilgrimage of life, it becomes shattered and weather-beaten. The locks become silvered and thin. The eye grows dim; the voice feeble; the brow furrowed and care-worn; the cheek pale; the breath difficult, and the hand unsteady. The elasticity departs, and the fires of life burn low. The strength and vigor of physical manhood wane. Old age sanctified is beautiful. We love every wrinkle, every infirmity, in the good and true. Their very weaknesses are invested with a sacred interest, and we cherish them the more as their feet brush the dews on Jordan's bank, and we feel the crossing near. Nevertheless, the body is sown in corruption. Without waiting for age, how often, as now, disease, with silent, but sure and certain tread, approaches the fairest and most promising, dismantling and laying low this

wonderful earthly palace of the soul. No medical skill can baffle it. No solicitude of friends can avail. Vigor, by degrees, is lost. This mortal tabernacle is brought down by death. Dust returns to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes. The grave closes over all.

But, "it is raised in incorruption."

The new and glorified body is that building eternally in the heavens. It shall never be subject to disorganization or decay. To un-failing strength is added undiminished vigor. There shall never be any more wasting disease. There shall be no more pain. The only tears, are tears of joy. The only sorrow, the sorrow for past unfaithfulness and ingratitude.

But by being raised incorruptible the apostle does not simply mean that we shall be free from sickness and death; beyond all this there will be a perpetual freshness, like the delicacy

and sweetness of a new growth. The "newness of life" will be like the spring plant filled to overflowing in every pore with nutritious and refreshing sap. It is not the old organization made incorruptible, as if by a process of embalming, but a new organization, replete to the brim with the sparkling wine of life, a fountain whose silver spray is ever flashing in the sun, a flower ever blooming, a divine song ever in the singing.

The aspiration for immortal youth is universal as man. The depressed and imprisoned spirit has cried unto God in all ages from the perishing body, saying, "Let me be as the sun rejoicing in strength, as the moon walking in beauty, as the stars which quaff from their golden cups liquid brightness, and sparkle, shining ever, undimmed never." All this, and more, is to be realized in the resurrection body. The hand that wipes away all tears shall give

an unfading lustre to the eye, and the bloom of an eternal spring to the cheek. The spirit that gambols in the lamb, that leaps in the waterfall, that sings in the forest, that rides on the wind, shall live and pulse forever and forever in the body that is raised in incorruption.

IV. Finally, it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory.

The word dishonor is used here to denote that unsightliness which comes over the dead, however dying. As comely in life as our friends may have been, in death, by a wise law of God, it soon departs, and instead of retaining their remains to keep fresh our wounds, our Heavenly Father has caused dissolution to take place, so that we long to have them removed to the house appointed. Job says: "Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away." Abraham wished to de-

posit in its place the form of the beautiful and beloved Sarah. Her presence, when the spirit had flown, could be a comfort to him no longer.

But there is to be relief from all these sad and painful thoughts. If the body is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory. There is a scriptural and historical significance to this word "glory" which must not be missed here, if we would have the full comfort which our text gives. At the gate of Paradise, in connection with the sword which turned every way, there was a supernatural fiery splendor. The same appeared to Moses in the burning bush, a brilliant flame enveloping, transfiguring the bush, yet not consuming it. The same wondrous lustre appeared in the pillar of fire that went before the Hebrew encampment in the wilderness. After the ark crossed the Jordan, it came at times for centuries, in preter-

natural brightness above its cover, and between the wings of the cherubim. It often filled the temple. Sometimes it was called a cloud; at other times a smoke; now and then a flame; finally, the shekinah. This word signifies to dwell in a thing, to vivify and brighten it from within outward; to make an object luminous by a clear outshining,—as heat turns the dull iron to a glow,—as the moon irradiates with lambent light the fleecy cloud drifting upon its disk.

Now this luminous splendor, like the flashing up of the rosy morn, is what is known everywhere in the Bible as **GLORY**. It is one of the most suggestive, yet one of the most difficult words to define in the Scriptures.

This is the word which Paul applies to the resurrection body. Could any thing be more expressive or beautiful? It shall be raised in **GLORY**. Like a flower transfigured in resplen-

dent light, like the phosphorescent ocean wave, like the crystal, radiant and many-hued in the golden sun, will be the body raised in glory. Matter itself may be very unearthly and ethereal,—the blue, so clear and deep, of the distant mountain range, the seven-hued Iris that bends over the fountain, the azure of the morning heavens, the evening cloud flaming with the gold of sunset, all these purely material things show what a natural body raised from the dead might be. But when to this we conceive of a spiritual body adapted to the heavenly, as the natural body is to the earthly, coming forth in incorruption, in power and glory, the thought is lifted to a range inconceivably grand and beautiful and comforting. “It shall be raised in glory.”

“We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on im-

mortality. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In this hour of sorrow and heart-ache, these truths of the resurrection are like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Let them be as the deep undercurrent of our thought, affording solace and comfort while we affectionately recall some of the features of that pure and devoted life, the passing of which from this lower sphere, leaves many hearts in darkness.

Eleanor Bruce Stephens, wife of Henry C. Stephens, was born in the City of Brooklyn, State of New York, January 21st, 1839. She died in New Britain, Conn., Sept. 25th, 1868. She lived 29 years 8 months and 4 days. The day of birth and death will be cut into marble, but the life that lies between those bounds cannot be recorded there. That lives

not in tablets of stone, but is engraved in human hearts, and will stand forever in the Lamb's book of life. Many words would not set forth in order the things concerning this devoted Christian wife and mother surely known among us. But a few words shall sum up the details of her bright, beautiful, but brief earthly life, for affection's sake, and recall some of the leading traits in her Christian character for His dear sake whose grace was honored in her living, and whose rich promises were fulfilled in her dying.

She was the second daughter of Moses and Mary L. Kimball, being one in a family of five children, three sons and two daughters. Her beloved and honored father, while returning from Boston, in the autumn of 1846, to spend the Thanksgiving festival with his family, was drowned off Fisher's Island, in Long Island Sound, in consequence of the

terrible disaster which occurred to the steamer Atlantic. The bereaved mother removed with her children to the pleasant old town of Kingston, on the Hudson, where the five subsequent years of Eleanor's life were spent. At the end of this time the mother was married to S. H. Howard, of New York City, which union gave to Eleanor a delightful Christian home, until her own marriage. When sixteen years of age, having been religiously trained from her infancy in the household, she became a faithful disciple of Christ, and united with the 15th Street Presbyterian Church, under the care of Rev. S. D. Alexander, D. D. Her education was completed at the Spingler Institute, New York City, where she was associated with a class of about thirty-seven, greatly beloved by all, and giving high promise for the future.

On the 18th of April, 1860, she was mar-

ried to Henry C. Stephens, and went to her new home, in West Newton, Mass., with brightest hopes. Six happy years were spent in her pleasant home there,—years full of domestic comfort, of social enjoyment and Christian activity. In 1867, Mr. Stephens took up his home in New Britain, Conn., where, after little more than a year, her cheerful and promising life suddenly closed before the midday. After a severe illness of three weeks, from typhoid fever, she fell asleep in Jesus,—thus leaving motherless her two beloved children, daughters, at the tender ages of seven and two years respectively. But as her sickness was borne with great Christian patience and fortitude, so it terminated in perfect resignation to the divine will. In it all, there was neither murmuring nor doubt. Her faith brightened till the last, and in sorest trial gave evidence of having been born of the Spirit, more marked

than any seasons of health and prosperity had revealed. She went to the rest that remaineth to the people of God, with unfaltering trust in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. The day-shut of this mortal life was the day-dawn to her soul, and so the better life began.

On entering her beautiful home, which had been fitted up anew for her reception by the taste and pains-taking of her husband, she said, "this is too good for me; I shall not be spared to occupy it long." In her sickness she was confident, from the first, she should not recover, and in entire composure made every preparation for her death, in each word and act, saying, *God's will be done*. She often asked for the singing of sacred hymns, and was observed to be much in earnest prayer. When asked if her faith in Christ was firm in view of the coming event, she said, "I gave

my heart to Christ when I was sixteen years old, and I can trust Him now," adding,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Soft as downy pillows are."

She expressed an earnest wish to see her pastor, and said she was conscious that she could be saved only through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose death was a sacrifice for her sin; in that was all her hope; but, she continued, that Saviour is very precious to me, and although good works will avail me nothing, I am anxious to leave something from funds which I hold in my own right, for the advancement of His dear Kingdom, and as a testimonial of my love for him. As her suffering increased, her hold upon the Saviour seemed to deepen. At the morning hour, near the last, this prayer was uttered by her: "*O God! give me grace to live day by day to thee.*"

No complaint escaped her lips during all those days of severest trial; no doubt as to the promises of God; no question as to her acceptance with the Saviour; not even a regret at leaving a world which manifold blessings had in so many ways made bright and attractive to her. She seemed to hear the voice of the Redeemer summoning her to walk with him in Paradise. With cheerful and unhesitating steps she arose and left all, and followed. "*Am I not nearing the shining shore?*" she said to the physician as he approached, just before her death. "I long to go home." Precious and beloved one!—she was *near* the shining shore, she was almost home. That stormy Friday night, at about half-past ten, after days of greatest anxiety and suspense, her spirit was peacefully and calmly released; apparently unconscious of this mortal world, her husband and mother, and other friends, being near her, her eyes were turned

eagerly upward, and her countenance wore a look of rapture and joyous surprise, as if the glories of the other world were already breaking upon her.

Thus taken from the husband and children of her love, full of affection for her mother, who had watched over her through her sickness, her brothers and sisters, and her many friends, and grateful for all that had been done to make her wearisome days and nights comfortable, nothing doubting, through the rich grace of the crucified one, she went to be with Jesus.

A brief funeral service, conducted by her own pastor, and numerous attended by sympathetic friends, was held at her own house at four o'clock in the afternoon on the following Sunday. On Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock, her remains having been carried to New York, a more extended funeral ceremony

was held there at the parental home. Her early pastor, Dr. Alexander, and her beloved family relative, Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn, both of whom aided in the consecration of her marriage in the same parlors eight years before, were present, and together with her pastor from New Britain, mingled their tears in the common sorrow, and spoke words of comfort and healing, as the spirit gave them utterance. A large number of friends and relatives were present from a distance, and among other sincere mourners were eight of her class in the Spingler Institute, her death being the first in that pleasant circle, of which she, at its gatherings, had often been called *the life*. On the following morning, Wednesday, 30th, when the glory of autumn was on the foliage, and golden mist was in all the air, this flower, early faded, was borne mid the perfume of flowers that she loved, from her childhood home, from

the city of the living, to Greenwood, the city of the dead, and by loving hands left to await the hour when Christ shall come to make up his jewels.

So, quietly and sweetly, as the stars go out to shine again, departed the life of this fair young disciple. Some things in her life strikingly illustrate the power of grace in her heart. This world had great attractions for her. She enjoyed society. She loved nature. Her fresh, joyous spirit rejoiced in all pure and beautiful things. Flowers and birds, waters and skies, filled her with delight. She had much to live for,—many friends, a pleasant home, a fond husband, precious children, and work that she gladly engaged in for the glory of her Master. Life opened with many charms, and possessing health and exuberance of spirits, which were the admiration, if not

the envy of all who saw her, many happy years were promised. Yet with all its attractions, she was ready to go and leave the world when the Saviour called. There was more to die for than to live for, for dying was going home to the Father's house where there are many mansions. But it was Christ formed in her the hope of glory, that gave her this victory. Two qualities in her character, in some sense opposite, imparted to her life much of the charm it possessed, and the strong Christian influence she wielded. These characteristics were cheerfulness and joyousness on the one hand, combined with a staunch and unwavering faith in the strictest evangelical doctrines on the other. Her happy spirits overflowed evermore. Beautiful in person as in character, and rejoicing in the assurance of faith, the cheerfulness of her pure nature was irresistible. None could be with her and fail

to feel the sunlight of her soul. Yet if she was cheerful, she was conscientious even in the smallest affairs of her daily life. If she was joyous, it was never at the expense of truth, or her Saviour's honor. She received the whole counsel of God, and would yield to no laxity of view in the least point of doctrine. She contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and gave little countenance to any modern usage which seemed a departure from the strict letter of truth. She remembered the Sabbath day and kept it holy. She eschewed doubtful amusements. She was a constant and devout attendant upon all the ordinances of God's House. She was prayerful and painstaking in the religious education of her children. She was early found a teacher in city mission schools. Her influence over impenitent young men was very great, leading them from indifference and

from skepticism to the feet of her own Saviour, and since her death, some converted through her influence rise up to call her blessed. Faithful in domestic duty, her heart was yet more in the service of her master. Strong and pronounced in her convictions of right and duty, it was in her private devotions, which nothing could induce her to forego, that her love to the Saviour kindled into brightest flame. Entering heartily into social life, it was when the themes of practical religion were introduced that her heart glowed with especial fervor. Ready to lend her aid in every good work, it was when the impenitent were to be brought to Christ, that her efforts were given with heartiest consent.

The following words from a classmate at the Spingler Institute, and who has been Secretary of the class for many years since, knowing the deceased well, find a fitting place here:

“Eleanor Bruce Kimball, a member of the class of 1858, at Spingler Institute, passing away from us, has left a beautiful memory. Lovely in person as in character,—a consistent, earnest Christian,—simple, innocent, yet steadfast in her principles,—her influence was always for good.

‘None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.’

Faithful in the discharge of her duties, diligent in her studies, regular in her attendance and attention to her instructors, she won alike the love and respect of teachers and fellow pupils. The germs of a fine nature, then apparent, were expanded and ripened into a beautiful womanhood, and the bud opening into the flower has been transplanted thus early to the Paradise of her God,—the first link broken of the chain bound together in school

days,—the first life of our class begun in Heaven.

God be thanked that in this retrospect she has left us a beautiful memory, pointing ever heavenward. God be thanked that looking forward in the Future, to our Harvest Home, we have the blessed hope that this our first sheaf has been safely gathered into the Heavenly Garner.”



And now Eleanor, the fair, the beautiful, the happy-hearted, is gone forever. Her life, which was a song, has sung itself out on the earth, but its melody still is left in many homes and hearts. She was so full of health and promise in her life that we could not think of death in connection with her. Yet in her death she was so full of hope and trust, and longing for her Saviour, that we somehow could not think of her coming back to the

cares and trials of this world any more. Her eye was on the gate Beautiful, through which her heart had already entered into the Celestial City.







As one of many tender and affectionate letters commemorating the life-long worth of the departed, the following from Rev. Dr. CUYLER, to Mr. Stephens, will doubtless interest all friends of the afflicted circle.

“136 Oxford-st.,

“BROOKLYN, March 15, 1869.

“*My Dear Friend:*

* * * * I would like to prepare a brief tribute to the memory of your beloved wife and my beloved “cousin Ellie”;—to pen my regard for her sweet loveliness of character, for her tender womanly virtues and graces, for her consistent Christ-like piety. She was as attractive in character as she was in person. I could scarcely say more; for when I first saw her in her maidenly beauty of eighteen, I thought her face one of the sweetest I had ever met.

Should I write all that my wife and myself thought of her and often said of her to each other,

it might be set down to the partiality of *kin-ship* ; for we always felt towards Ellie as if she were a sister. We regret that of late years we saw her so seldom. We often wished that she and her sister Annie could both be nearer to us, where we might often enjoy their society.

Your wife had won a great hold on many, many hearts. Her early and sudden departure from your home to her Father's House in glory, was as sore a sorrow to us as it was a blessed transition to her redeemed spirit.

In your tributes of respect and affection for dear Ellie, let me in my own behalf and of my wife, lay on her new-made tomb, this brief simple offering of our love.

We looked for her *resting-place*, in Greenwood, on Saturday last ; we shall yet look for her happy spirit in the heavenly world, I trust, and hope to renew and prolong there our pure, sincere affection.

Yours, ever truly,

THEO. L. CUYLER."



The beloved wife of the writer of the preceding letter, terribly bereaved only five months before by the death of her twin boy "Georgie," in a familiar letter to the mother of Eleanor just after receipt of tidings of Eleanor's death, reflects, in part, as follows :

“ * * * * *

How could we dream, when in our last conversation together, we recounted our past and present sorrows, that so soon this new and overwhelming grief was to be added to your cup and mine, already overflowing. Ellie, darling Ellie—*gone ! impossible !* As I gaze with a certain fascination on her sweet face now before me, and then read over and over (which I have done many times to-day) her last affectionate notes, full of tender sympathy, it seems only a wild rumor which waits for confirmation. Oh ! how Earth is losing its lustre and Heaven taking on a brighter hue, as each day some flower, ripe for glory, is transplanted to the Paradise of God ! * * * * *

On the 21st of April, precious Ellie writes,—
 ‘What can I say to you, my dear Cousin, in this dark hour, so suddenly bereaved of your darling boy! God has a higher and holier mission for him than the fondest parent here on earth could have dreamed or hoped, and he is forever free from care, pain, and temptation. He may do more for Jesus by his early death, than if longer spared to light your hearts and homes.’

‘I little thought I should never see the dear little face again. [Ah! little thought she should *see* it *so soon*.] How my heart ached for you when I heard the sad announcement from the paper! My thought and prayers are with you, that the Comforter may abide within you, and give you peace, and make you to look beyond the veil, and feel he is *not lost* but *gone before*.’

‘Let Ellie’s words cheer us, and change our night of weeping into a morning of joy. But the heart shudders and grows chill with its sense of loss; * * * a loss to each remaining loved one, more intensely felt and realized with the passing of every month, when she, *our idol*, comes not back again.”



Another friend, an esteemed clergyman in Vermont, in writing the bereaved husband on the day of the funeral, says :

“ * * * * *

To tell you how highly we esteemed her—how noble we thought her character—how Christian her life, would be of little value ; for how slight was our knowledge of her worth as compared with your own ! And still we would fain bear our tribute of loving praise to her memory, as she is ‘gathered this day to her fathers.’ From that pleasant evening, years ago, when I first met her in Burlington, I have prized her friendship, and the more I have known her the more I have seen to admire and respect, and the greater depth of character she has manifested ; and I have always felt that she was a *noble, Christian woman*. The memory of such an one is blessed !—a precious legacy to you and her children.

She has fallen asleep, and you have not to sorrow as those who have no hope ; for, as you be-

lieve that Jesus died and rose again, even so she that sleeps in Jesus will God bring with Him. Heaven is nearer to you than before. The door has opened and you have caught a vision of its glory as the dear one entered it, to go no more out forever.”

Very many other letters equally worthy and emphatically attesting the deep love and honor which this excellent woman had won from all privileged to know her, have been received, giving a sweet cheer in the afflicted circle; but for the purpose of this little volume one more extract must suffice. Coming from a letter written by an intimate friend, for himself and wife, to Mr. Stephens, just after their return from the funeral, it will partly illustrate the impression received by all who were present on that mournful occasion :

“MAPLEWOOD, Oct. 1st, 1868.

* * * * *

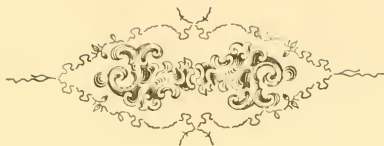
* * * *

* * * * * Our visit to New York, though on so sad an errand, had many things to make it pleasant,—the dark cloud had its silver lining.

As sometimes, after the sun has set and gone from our sight, his light still gilds the clouds through which he has passed in his onward course to bless the people of other lands, so, it seems to me, was reflected back on the saddened hearts of all the mourners, something of the brightness and glory of that pure spirit that had passed from us, and been hailed with joy by an innumerable company of kindred spirits. Each seemed to feel a *personal* loss, and equally did each seem to recognize the peculiar light and beauty of the life of the departed. No one attended the funeral out of mere ceremony, and none spoke words of praise they did not feel. I hardly need say to you that among our many acquaintances no one had endeared herself to us more, if so much as your dear Ellie, she was so frank, so pure, so cheerful.

‘To know her was to love her—
To name her was to praise.’

She is gone—Oh! how sad the thought!—but the lesson of her life is left us, and it seems to say—‘*this is the way, walk ye in it.*’ And if we will but heed the voice, and follow in her footsteps, the blessed promise is ours, that soon we will join her in our Father’s house.”



LINES

In memory of Mrs. Henry C. Stephens, who died
September 25th, 1868.

BY

MISS CYNTHIA BULLOCK,
who has been blind from infancy, and was a personal
friend of the deceased.

The star whose soft and hallowed light
Diffused a radiance where it shone,—
Perfumed the soul in grief's dark night
With a sweet influence all its own,—
Shines not upon life's fitful sky,
But leaves it wrapt in deepest gloom ;
While bleeding hearts send up the cry,
Our Ellie fills the *low, lone* tomb.

But, in youth's golden roseate hours,
 When joy was full, when hope was bright,
 She consecrated all her powers
 To God, the source of life and light.
We knew it by the life she led,—
 Her daily sacrifice of love,—
 Her words of faith,—the words she said
 To solace grief, and want remove.

Life was replete with joyous bliss,
 When God, all-wise, pronounced the word,
 “*My child shall shine where glory is,
 Shall be forever with the Lord.*”
 In low, sweet tones, she breathed a prayer,—
 “*Lord, give me grace to live to thee,
 And strength my needed cross to bear ;
 So day by day thy child to be.*”

Oh! 'twas a privilege rich and high,
 Her dying bed to stand beside ;—
 To mark her raptur'd beaming eye,—
 Her perfect trust in Christ, her guide.
 To weeping friends how sweet the thought,
 —Blessed balm for hearts that bleed,—

Jesus has her salvation wrought,
 And she *is glorified indeed.*

Dear weeping friends, trust ye in God,
 Till your Redeemer's voice ye hear,—
 “Now enter ye”—your last abode ;
 Your dear ones wait to greet you there.
 Then will ye sing the song they sing,—
 The song—eternity began ;
 Glory to Jesus, King of Kings,
 While Worlds on Worlds respond—Amen.



In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway
 thereof THERE IS NO DEATH. PROV. xii : 28.



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